

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER



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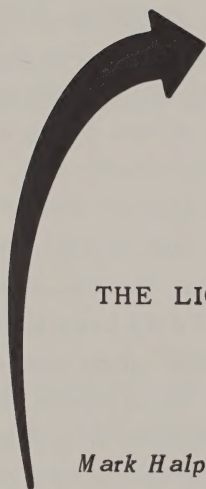
Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS

- 1 Editorial
- 2 The Lighted Way *Mark Halpern*
- 6 Let There Be Love *Carla Patsuris*
Yes, God Lives Here! *Alice Richmond*
- 7 Handcalming Prayers of Gratitude *Alice Richmond*
- 8 Do Not Spill Your Soul *Mildred Long*
- 9 I Came Back After A Stroke *Hamilton Cameron*
- 12 Prayer Thoughts *Alice Kay Rogers*
- 13 Pick Up Your Cross *Janet Hackney*
- 15 Three Poems *Howard G. Hanson*
- 18 The Burnell Instruction *Narcissa G. Chamberlain*
- 22 The Crystal 'I Am' *Mary Lamoreaux Burnell*
- 30 A Search For Essential Unity *Genevieve Burnell*
- 34 Star Flowers *Clara Sargent Mainwaring*
- 35 Notices and Comments
- 37 For Horizons of Oneness *Carla Patsuris*

EDITORIAL

One good reason for this editorial's being so short is the extraordinary number of contributions in this issue. Equally extraordinary is their variety. It is gratifying that FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER attracts people so diverse as the authors of these contributions. It is to be hoped that such a potpourri will gratify our readers. No doubt since every human being is unique, each as singular as his fingerprints, reactions will vary from page to page. . . . We are becoming a kind of United Nations of people who, whatever their background, rich or poor, urban or rural, educated or not, believe the same thing. We are, after all, a fellowship. We come together in fellowship. We all know that we must do everything we can to create some unity—some sense of sharing—some sense of common faith—in this world where, the newspapers and TV tell us every morning, such qualities of life are endangered. . . . The common denominator of every piece of writing in this issue seems to be the desire of a person who has existed to tell others what he or she has found: it appears to be a loving desire to help others. Look, the articles say, I also have found life to be difficult but I have come through and found the beauty and the meaning and you can, too! The poems say the same. The fundamental friendliness of them all is remarkable. . . . The outgoing selfless generosity of friendship is one of the great riches of human nature. It is not as rare as it is said to be. And its offerings—in so many forms, poetic or prosaic, all but mystical or entirely practical, as embodied in the contents of this issue—come from all neighborhoods, from all directions, interested only in giving. It is heartening to the editor. It means a great deal to him personally to discover in every day's mail more and more friends who wish solely to help others. The contents of this issue reflect not an editor's choice but the existence of a wonderful fellowship around the world.



THE LIGHTED WAY

Mark Halpern

There are various sources of inspiration whereby man can strengthen his faith and fortitude as he journeys through life. Among these are the selfless lives of the spiritual giants, who, throughout the ages, have found the secret of serene and masterful living.

Had those individuals been of a different world than our own, the value of their mastery would be negligible for us. We could then justify our own failure to transcend human weaknesses, by asserting that we were not equipped with such superior qualities as those possessed by the higher type of individuals who had found "the peace that passeth all understanding."

But since we know that those saintly and godlike beings were of our own race, of our own flesh and bone, fashioned as we, how can we defend our lack of interest in emulating their glorious attainment? For, surely, it stands without argument that what man has done, man can do. We are not called upon to achieve some divinely exalted conquest that is too high above all human endeavor; something that only the gods are fit to undertake. Nay, the omniscient justice that rules the universe, does not impose a task beyond the potential indwelling power of that form.

In that one simple truth, if he but knew it, lies what is probably the greatest source of man's inspiration towards conquest over himself. Let him but look about and see, here and there, in the world, those valiant and noble characters who walk serenely and selflessly the lighted way of perfected mastery. Then let him affirm, with all the resolve and determination of his flaming spiritual will, "What man has done, man can do! I, too, will triumph over things, conditions, and circumstances, until nothing of discord in the world can ruffle the surface of my spirit!"

But how shall man begin the great work of his regeneration? If it were so simple a matter as merely resolving to follow in the footsteps of the outstanding spiritual leaders, far greater numbers of mankind would be expressing the beautiful qualities of the higher self than is the case today. As it is, man loses himself in the ponderous tomes of written matter giving directions for finding the lighted way. Or else, he goes from one fallible human teacher to another for a short-cut to the truth that will make him free.

It is only after many years of bitter disillusion that man begins again, realizing as never before that "first things come first." He knows now that as long as he yields to the selfish

wants of his grasping personality, he cannot enter upon the lighted way of the impersonal life; but will continue to tread the hot and dusty highway of turmoil and discord. He looks at himself objectively, and sees himself for what he has been all through his earthly life: a restless creature of insatiable desire—desire for reward, for power, for appreciation, for love, for wealth, and for security. In other words, his entire concern has been with himself.

This psychological fact of man's consuming hunger for self-satisfaction, has been clearly put in a single paragraph by Sidney Lanier. He tells us: "We are not only gregarious animals, liking to be in sight of our fellows, but we have an innate propensity to get ourselves noticed, and noticed favorably, by our kind. No more fiendish punishment could be devised, were such a thing physically possible, than that one should be turned loose in society and remain absolutely unnoticed by all the members thereof."

Those words are indeed true of the majority of our race at this time. For most of us are still in that adolescent state wherein our primal motivating force is to demand things of life, to crave and to ask for things of the world, rather than to give, and give without expecting any credit, reward or recognition. However, when man has out-grown his puerile preoccupation with things that contribute to his own self-satisfaction, he is then ready, and only then, to take his first step toward self-mastery. And thus he begins transforming himself into the likeness of those shining lights whom the Apostle Paul alludes to as "just man made perfect."

Ah, then is gone forever the self-assertive and over-aggressive nature of the restless lower self, which was ever clamoring for credit, admiration, reward and recognition, with which to feed its hungry craving for egotistic gratification. Now the higher self of divine consciousness has the upper hand, and in the perfect assurance of its immortality there is no longer any craving for ap-

probation from others. For the self-centered ego has been transcended in the all-embracing oneness of spirit.

Henceforth the awakened soul walks the lighted way in humility, self-effacement, forbearance, loving kindness. And above all, he no longer demands anything for himself from life or his fellowman. Nor does he even ask for love as he did in former days. After long ages of selfish seeking for self-gratification, it is admittedly no easy thing for man to sublimate his desires and make the transition from the earthly ethics of self-seeking, to the spiritual ethics of divine consciousness. It is difficult for the lower consciousness to conceive what incentive there would be for living when one no longer craves anything of life, especially love.

But, there is a love vastly higher and more satisfying than the ordinary self-seeking love of the usual mortal kind. It is the love that does not ask for aught, but is perfectly content only in the boundless giving of itself. When man comes into the realization of that highest love of the immortals, it is then he remembers that it is not for him to ask for love, but always to give love; and that it is only through the giving of self that one is fed by the eternal fount. Knowing such a divine love, the soul of man can pray, "Give me to Love, O Lord, for I know that I constantly am love, and I know all beings are my self, twin-born of love....melted in love's own fires, my spirit flows in all forms, below, above.... I am the breath and selfless love of the rose, which gives forth of its fragrance even when crushed....I am the benediction of the dove...."

Let men decide firmly what they will not do, and they will be free to do vigorously what they ought to do.

Richard Evans

LET THERE BE LOVE

Carla Patsuris

For loving kindles one to laughter laughter is a song
 And the language of the phoenix
 But to hate with hate like acid eating deep
 Makes men sick with pain that ends in death

Let there be love across America
 From ocean's waters to ocean's waters
 Shared and growing until it glows
 Like a golden sun
 Brightening horizon's circle around the world
 Into a special kind of encompassing ring

OH LET THERE BE LOVE.

YES, GOD LIVES HERE!

Alice Richmond

Dear Maple Tree, with Hope sweetfilled bright color lives
 For all to greet, who gaze on you uplifted strong,
 Learn prayed Spirit glows unto Creation's glory shared.
 Love's sunshine stream you warm, to spread your fragrant dream;
 High flowering heart you ray God-courage heaven crowned,
 Exciting penetrate His Song: Lord's atmosphere in Joy!
 Pray who could wonder, you admiring, how query, doubt
 "Does God Live here?" Our spirit bowed in grace you rouse;
 Admirers then pray firmed, their faith as truth refreshed
 To know there is a GOD, for Universe protection—
 Light showing, blessed Christ revealing, beauty adorned!

HANDCALMING PRAYERS OF GRATITUDE

Alice Richmond

Gratitude is a prayer born of thankful feeling for benefits received.

LOVE AT DAWNING:

Gratitude is the pink soft stretching palm of an awakening baby, cuddling his beloved rag doll to share in its crooked warm smile that comforts his crying—when he stirs alone in his crib at the break of day, while the sleeping family rests in the so-far-away quietness of the big house.

AFTERNOON GOODNESS:

Gratitude, you delight to find is the understanding sympathy of June's pansy-bed consolation in your sunny backyard, smiling at you, lifting all their true-blue heads of velvet petals raised by God's Loving Hands—when your tears clouded faith of unhappy eyes because the cherished Friend forgot his promise to escort you to the best dance of your life, your high school prom.

EVENTIDE FAITH:

Gratitude, is the reaching clasping firm hand of your husband as he gives you a blessed book to read when you both sit in the embracing shelter of your friendly sitting-room at dusk. Then he asks you to read him your favorite psalm from the Lord's good book. This calms to stem petulant thoughts of your neighbor-next-door whose crushing words nearly swamped you with her scorned disapproval: your criticizing her only son who had cut a treasured bouquet of your loveliest roses (which shattered your dream to win a prize at The Rose Show).

DO NOT SPILL YOUR SOUL

Mildred Long

As long as we are in this world and are in contact with other people, we shall be subject to disturbances of one kind or another. It is not selfish to guard our own souls. It is wisdom.

When your friend comes to you brimming over with an emotion, a problem, a concern about life, let it not get into your soul. Keep it outside. Even if the emotion takes the form of chiding you about your failures, keep steady in the inner awareness. Your friend's chiding may be only an indication of self-examination going on in him.

Be slow to open the door of your inner consciousness to outward distress, to another's sorrow or pain. I do not mean to be unsympathetic. I mean to keep detached. To keep yourself quiet and calm, not to spill your soul, not to waste your emotional energies. For after all, if you are

to help the other person, two things are necessary: first, to allow him to talk, to unload without your becoming emotionally involved; second, to retain your inner serenity so you can look at the situation with understanding. Only then can your words have weight.

This inner quietness comes from communion with God which must go on continually so that you will never find yourself undefended or exposed to outward dangers. This is the discipline we impose on ourselves. For if we do not discipline ourselves, life will require us to do so. It is better to anticipate the need, and thus make a positive contribution to life.

Do not spill your soul when others are disturbed. Do not boil over or take fire. Retire to the calm center of God's indwelling presence, and thus speak words of wisdom given you from the living fountain. If you allow your emotion to rise up, you obstruct wisdom. To protect yourself, to help the other person, guard well your own soul. Keep it undisturbed.

I. CAME BACK

AFTER A STROKE

Hamilton Cameron, M.D.

For thirty years I had been busy—too busy—in the fields of medicine, building construction, publishing, chemistry, writing and radio. I had worked hard hours at fever pitch for long intervals, getting but little sleep. I was one of those “intense” people who are never satisfied unless they are doing.

On the radio I was known as “The Benevian Visitor.” My Sunday morning program on WINS, New York, was intended to bring comfort to the lonely and sick, to stimulate their courage and to show them they could help themselves. I told others what to do—never thinking that the time would come when I would face the necessity of putting what I had been preaching into personal practice.

At a New Year’s Eve party welcoming 1943, I could not join in the merriment. I felt odd,

taut, peculiar. I told myself, “You’ve been working too hard. You need a rest.” I went to a hospital and was admitted as a patient. At the end of the first day, I still did not feel right, so I remained. The sixth night, during my sleep, I suffered a stroke.

When I awakened the next morning I knew what had happened to me. I was the victim of a cerebral accident. Medically speaking, I had suffered a coronary thrombosis, followed by a cerebral embolism, resulting in paralysis of the right side of the body and complete aphasia.

My body was paralyzed. I could not move. I could not speak. I could not write. I was a prisoner in an immovable, helpless body. I could hear the doctors and nurses talking, but I could not even make a sign. It was as if I were a captive behind a glass wall.

The doctors and nurses thought I was a “goner.” Even if I lived, they said, I would be permanently handicapped—crippled and without speech. I not only heard this horrible predic-

tion—I understood it with cruel clarity, yet could not protest. My accident had shortcircuited the switchboard we all use so automatically to run our bodies.

Man had given me up.

You can imagine the mental turmoil and anguish I was undergoing in the immobile, inert body. I was alive. I was seeing. I was hearing. Yet I was lying like one dead—a living corpse.

And that was when I began to pray. I prayed as I had never prayed before, but as I have prayed many times since. I came to believe, with a faith so complete it was unquestioning, that He had a purpose for my existence and that this was to be a testing of my trust and philosophy. I asked Him humbly for guidance.

One day—seemingly from nowhere at all—there came to my mind this message from the Bible: “Be ye transformed by the renewing to your mind.”

Here was my answer. It gave me a feeling of power and hope

that erased mental and physical pain. And as I pondered the message, its meaning began to unfold: It was up to me to put an immovable and crippled body into smooth motion; it was up to me to come out from the silence. I could do it with His help and the intangible tools of hope, belief and faith. He had answered my prayer and I knew that He would continue to comfort and counsel me in the coming periods of dread and terror. But . . . He would lend me a helping hand in my trial-and-error efforts only when and if I helped myself. And first, in “renewing” my mind, I must overcome fear—fear of talking, moving, living, fear of another stroke.

From that moment on, I started to work on my handicaps. My thousandfold efforts were full of frustrations. My body would not obey me. At first, I showed no progress. But gradually I began to reestablish control—and improvement began.

I could bend a joint of my little finger. I could make a voice noise—harsh, terrible,

frightening, but still a sound. All of this with agonizing pain, with depression and frustration.

I kept at it; trying, trying. The improvement continued. My first comprehensible words were "Thank God."

In six weeks I shuffled myself out of the hospital, another milestone on my long journey. It was hard to realize that this distorted face and body belonged to me, who had been so active before. Once home, I wanted to stay there—hidden. I had to force myself to go out. Every movement of my right arm or leg brought excruciating pain. Yet, I persevered. In my room I spent hours putting together jigsaw puzzles as an exercise in coordination. And all the while I was analyzing my condition, dissecting my plans, performing my exercises and reasoning out my speech problem.

At intervals, spontaneously, after thousands of trials, a word would pop from my mouth—"hello," "oats." Oatmeal had been my only nourishment for three weeks; I could not swallow

anything but very soft food because of the condition of the muscles in my throat.

It was fourteen months before I was able to pronounce the word "coffee," and it took two years until I could say "elevator." I had not lost my vocabulary—I knew the words—but I could not pronounce them, nor could I write them out.

Although aware of what a spectacle I presented, I compelled myself to go out, to walk, to shop. If it hadn't been so tragic, it would have been funny. In the grocery, with my wide-staring eyes, slap-heel gait and uncontrollable voice noises, I had to point as best I could to what I wanted. But as time passed, I had more success in buying the items I wanted.

Progress was pitifully slow, but I had faith. My mind was renewing itself, and though impatient, I was aware that the cycle of time for a recovery is unknowable.

In my second year I was able to hold a pencil in my right hand

and copy. But it was not until a year later that I could write out my thoughts. And when it seemed I had no more patience, that was when I prayed—often, each day. Prayer brought me the mental and physical strength to carry me through my monotonous but necessary exercises and menial tasks—folding paper napkins, sweeping the floor, using the mop and pail, washing dishes—anything to use my unwilling muscles. And steadfast in my mind, a comfort and promise, was that all-important Biblical passage.

Six long years have passed

and I now show no physical evidence of having lived through a cerebral accident. My faith withstood the test. It led me through my despair.

I thank God for being able to say to the 300,000 victims of "stroke" in the United States, that faith will give them unsurmountable strength. There can be—there are—happy, useful, constructive years ahead.

I am just beginning mine.

Reprinted from Journal of Living.

(By courtesy of Mrs. William Hung)

PRAYER THOUGHTS

Alice Kay Rogers

Honest love is never blind; it simply covers the surface evil in order to surface the covered good.

Call nothing little for which thanks may be offered; whatever inspires gratitude is great.

The spirit's wardrobe hangs in the prayer closet.

PICK UP YOUR CROSS

Janet Hackney

A deafening, crashing, thundering explosion ripped the quiet twilight dusk as two jet planes collided in mid-air. One pilot parachuted to safety, the other died as his plane burst into flames.

The dead pilot was my only son and I lost my reason to live. He was thirty-one years old and my husband and I, the survivors, were a little past middle age. But my desire is not to tell you of our grief, but how we found ourselves and overcame our sorrow.

A long time ago, I learned a secret. When one is given a cross, even a small one, the only thing to do is to pick it up and face it. Try it on for size, grow accustomed to its weight. The chances are you'll have to wear it the rest of your life, for crosses don't go out of style. If you can do it willingly, sooner or later you'll find that you accept it as a part of yourself and *sometimes* your cross turns to pure gold and becomes a stepping stone to a fuller life. This

usually takes quite some time. with him."

The difficult part of wearing a cross is the initial act of resignation. One must wrestle with one's rebellious ego much the same as Jacob wrestled with an angel. To pick up this particular cross (that my son was dead, since God spared me the sight of him that way) was the most difficult thing of my life. I tried and I tried. I prayed and I prayed. There were times when I could almost convince myself that he wasn't dead. He couldn't be. Not really. But morning after morning at the breakfast table, my mind whispered: "He's gone! You'll never see his dear face again."

At night I prayed, "Oh, God, help me. I can't help myself. I put him in Your hands for safe-keeping while he was a small boy and in my heart I felt that you'd look after him. And You didn't."

Finally, one sleepless night after I'd sobbed my heart empty of tears, I thought bitterly, "God, if there is a God, let me go be

And, after a while, I seemed to see the crucified Saviour holding out his dear scarred hands and I felt ashamed, and I bent and examined the cross. It was ugly and it did seem to be well-worn and shabby as if it had been used before. It didn't fit my bony shoulders or my tired back, but I could lift it and I whispered, "God, I'll pick it up and I'll wear it, if you'll let me lay it at your feet every now and then. I've never had anything to offer you before that you hadn't given me, for everything I have was given to me by you: my talents, my life, my health, the food that I eat, water when I'm thirsty and sleep when I need it. Will you accept my sorrow? Please don't let all this sorrow just dissipate and not be used. . . use it to Thy glory. I'm depleted except for grief."

From that night on I tried to use my cross to understand others and to sympathize with their problems. And I felt the crust or shell crumble that had begun to grow around my heart.

On this and the next two pages the editor is proud to publish

THREE POEMS

by Howard G. Hanson

GOD'S WORLD GROWS WIDE

God's world grows wide as I add more years
and is touched with a thousand flames
that glance and glitter; still I know no names
for the glorifications it wears

that I knew as a child in the spill of a spring
or in a prised dropple of dew
on a web, or in a few
feathers flown down from a wing

as if the eagle had had me in mind
or the rainbow meant me to look
on the field or the fall as a book
all-inclusive, and opened, and signed.

ST. SIMON'S BEACH

Here to windward seagulls rise to flame
the morning silently, their voices lost
beneath the breakers' roar; their hidden name
glances through wind whirled as at Pentecost

and turns to speech as clear as Mary heard.
One glittering gull rises athwart the lane
of dawn, and wheeling overhead, the word
he shrills grows larger than heart dare contain.

Stricken, I watch him turn the eastern light
and climb the sun, vanishing wholly there,
and dawn burns blind my only human sight
by breakers silent now to human ear.

FETTERED BY THE WORD

There is no language for the absolute.
 The thrustle peals, not joy or pain, but song;
 the one-toned stars, the tides tend its pursuit,
 like heart's blood humming, wordlessly, but strong.

This world's one-purposed import glances through
 all natural things: unstraining trees, the green
 of grass, enduring season-shift, clear dew
 at dawn, an infant's eyes, unconscious, clean,

and sometimes saints attune to that slow pulse
 impersonally wielding death and life—
 each thing truly itself. Yet men convulse
 their tongues to voice that prisoned shadow-strife

with implication, fettered by the word.
 We have not learned to listen to lark-song;
 the supple sway of hemlock dies unheard,
 like God's still dew. His silences are long.

— From *Future Coin or Climber*, by
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 mission.

THE BURNELL INSTRUCTION

Narcissa G. Chamberlain

Our readers are already familiar with some of the works of Mary Lamoreaux Burnell and the easy grace of her style, as well as with the lucid and profound perceptions expressed in articles by her daughter, Genevieve Burnell. It is impossible to describe the background of either of these two writers without acknowledging their place in the family of three extraordinary people who together taught the Burnell Instruction, which was founded by George Edwin Burnell.

George Edwin Burnell was born in Hartford, Connecticut, July 9, 1863. He moved to Minneapolis with his parents when a child. The Burnell and Lamoreaux families were neighbors and friends in Minnesota, and George Burnell married the younger sister of his friends the Lamoreaux boys, who were his classmates at the University of Minnesota. He graduated in 1887. In 1891 he and Mary Lamoreaux were married.

Photo at right shows Mary Lamoreaux Burnell and George Edwin Burnell.



Both the Lamoreaux and Burnell families were religious people with confident belief in prayer. At the age of eleven Mary, who had been left with a bad limp as a result of a childhood illness (which may have been polio), was completely cured through her own totally believing and confident prayers.

These two young people spent their whole life together in the study and, later, the teaching of religious philosophy and spiritual truth. After graduating from the University of Minnesota, George Burnell attended the Morgan Park Theological Seminary and then took some courses at the Union Theological Seminary of Chicato where he made a special study of Hebrew and Sanskrit.

While Mary Lamoreaux was in her last year of school at the Dearborn Park Young Ladies Seminary she attended with George Burnell, to whom she was then engaged to be married, the classes of a Dr. Adams of Chicago who had healed Mary's father, Peter Lamoreaux, of a serious eye condition through prayer. Later they attended for three yesrs the school of Emma Curtis Hopkins to whom they always credited much of their enlightenment. She had at one time been a student and secretary of Mary Baker Eddy, but had left to establish a school of her own.

This period, just before the turn of the century, saw the development of a number of religious movements in the New Thought field, and Christian Science was growing rapidly as a church. While this time marked the revival of faith for many and a renewal of the experience of healing through prayer (George Burnell referred to the period as the "Renaissance"), the Burnell teaching remained always apart from organizational religion in any form. Their study and teaching ranged from east to west and included

the Buddhist and Hindu sacred writings, the philosophies of all ages and, above all, the Christian literature and theology. St. Thomas Aquinas was of great importance to George Burnell and to his daughter Genevieve when she joined her parents in their work. Their concern was with the universal thread of spiritual and religious truth.

Genevieve Burnell was born at Lake Geneva, Minnesota, on October 23, 1894. She moved to California with her parents when she was a child of about seven and attended their lectures from that time. She said, "Probably because there were no baby sitters in that day." Whatever the reason, she grew up in the "instruction" founded by her parents. This name gradually attached itself to the Burnell teaching as they never wished to restrict the flow of spiritual enlightenment under labels or formal organization.

Genevieve Burnell studied and taught with her parents until and after their death. (George Edwin Burnell died in 1948 and his wife followed him in 1949.) Though her formal education did not extend to university degrees, she acquired something far deeper from the years of association with her parents and from the response of her own spiritual nature. In California she married, brought up two children and was devoted to her grandchildren. She continued lecturing until her death at Newport Beach, California, in 1961. A collection of some of her works is soon to be published in book form under the title *THE GOLDEN THREAD OF REALITY* (*Hastings House, New York*).

More a speaker than a writer, George Burnell has not yet been published.

THE CRYSTAL 'I AM'

Mary Lamoreaux Burnell

In one of the ancient writings, the 'I am' is compared to a crystal, carrying out the illustration in this way: near the crystal lies a soiled rag; this soiled rag is reflected in the crystal so that it appears that the crystal is dark, worn, torn, and ugly.

Some one comes by and places a rose beside the crystal. Then it reflects the rose and is tintured with the hue of beauty.

In that same way the 'I am' is tintured in the world with that which seems to be so close beside it that it takes on the color, the tone, the shape, the order of being which is presented in juxtaposition.

The ancients said that the old rag which lies beside the crystal is an example of the superimposition of a worn and torn body which has been caught in the elements, which has been ground in the 'mills of the gods.' This we superimpose over the perfect body when, in using the 'I am,' one says, I am a body, I am a material being, I am the soil that you see, I am the appearance, I am the distress and misery.

Very difficult it seems to separate the 'I am' from the tincture that is superimposed upon it. That becomes a practice, however, by which one undertakes to liberate himself from that which is false, which actually has no bearing upon him. He has made claims

about himself that are not true, and now he must renounce the false.

So the instruction fits into the place where one is informed of his true nature and also informed that that which is not of the nature of the true does not exist at all. Therefore one learns to practice denial.

Denial is like a thief renouncing the goods when he is caught in the act of running off with property which does not belong to him; he throws it down, saying, this is not mine. Therefore the word of the thief is denial. And to deny is to admit that one has misappropriated; he has made a false claim and taken a false position, not legitimately nor actually his own.

He cannot renounce, he cannot throw away that which is his own. One cannot renounce the truth, one cannot throw away the possession which is the truth. But denial is appropriate wherever one has misappropriated. Therefore, one is in the act of denying, making his confession. And this confession is the healing of his soul, of his mind, of his body.

There is nothing so beneficial as to be able to renounce, especially with the understanding that that which one renounces does not belong to him. He has stolen, he has taken it without its rightfully belonging to him; and that confession of sin—being so subtle, so interior-like in its action, as though it were made at some

confessional—is the healing of the body and the healing of the mind. The crystal is no longer reflecting the soiled rag.

A man holds in his hands a mirror. It may be said that the mirror is in him, in his clutch, his grasp, in his hand, in his possession; it is in him. But at the same time that the mirror is in him, the mirror is possessing him; he is caught, he is held in the grasp of the mirror.

Which is first? Which has the primal right of possession? There is really no primal right in the true Self or in the true image; they both exist by original right. The image is eternally present with the substance; the substance is eternally present with the image. Therefore man—having renounced his false possessions, the false claims, the false rags, the false garments that do not really belong to him—stands in the place where he understands the actual possession, which is not a gain, which is not a misappropriation, which is not a theft, but is an eternal unity.

Therefore, by right, man possesses now the perfect representation of himself, his perfect body, his perfect creation, his perfect universe. And he possesses also the Self which is reflected as a picture, which is thrown out as a great universe. He possesses that Self in eternal rapture, in the ecstasy of a unity that never began and never ends.

By meditation upon this kind of possession, which is not false in any degree, one obtains a consciousness of a body, a mind, a universe—illusory as it is, but perfect—which is endowed with every enchantment and charm, which is like magic, composed of nothing else.

He obtains, then, through that sense of the 'I am' which possesses eternally the image, and through the image which pos-

sesses eternally the 'I am,' the wonderful magical knowledge, the enchantment of wisdom that endows him actually with power over himself, over his mind, and over his universe, in which power there is no misuse, in which there is no cancellation, no lack.

The power which attends upon one who understands the miracle of unity between the perfect image and the Great Self has no beginning. That power is not made. Therefore, one does not encourage it, nor cause its initiation at any time, nor bring it forth into its action by anything that he can do.

If one were to try to overcome some difficulty by the power of his understanding, the very fact that he made an attempt to promote the power, to encourage it, to do something with it, would cause that which he had tried to overcome with the power to fasten upon him more thoroughly.

People trying to demonstrate with what wisdom they have, find that their difficulties impinge upon them as much as ever—and even set claws and teeth in a little closer, until one reaches a state of entire discouragement. He comes to think that with all his attempts to make use of the truth he has succeeded only in sinking the wheels of his vehicle deeper in the mire; as he tries to pull himself out he sinks in deeper.

We have many instances of scripture informing of the care which one should take in demonstrating; that he should understand the truth as power, and that his understanding is the unity of the Self and the image; and the ecstasy of that knowledge should act upon his creation.

*If one who has not
this entire sincerity
in himself make any
outward demonstration,*

every such demonstration will be incorrect.

The thing will enter into him, and not let go its hold. Then with every fresh demonstration there will be still greater failure.

If one undertakes to demonstrate without having the proper sincerity, if he does not know and he is making an attempt to do something—which is an admission that he doesn't know how to use the power—then he will find his difficulty more thoroughly fastened upon him. When he tries to rid himself of poverty he will find it still clutching him, when he tries to rid himself of illness, he still suffers. Therefore, one should pay heed to know what is meant by sincerity, for that is the escape, that is the correct understanding of the use of power.

Sincerity is the place where one never makes a mistake. Now, many times people deceive themselves about their sincerity, believing that they are sincere because they are enthusiastic, believing that they are sincere because they apply themselves to study. But sincerity has no surface conditions. Sincerity has no surface operation, no movement in the world at all. It lies so deeply buried within the nature that it is found only by one who seeks deeply for it. His act of searching for sincerity is his sincerity; and if he is sincere in his searching, he will find his sincerity.

Sincerity is honesty, it is veracity, it is being true to oneself. It is shown in this manner: If one were to say, in giving a word of treatment—to himself or to another—I am perfectly sound and well; I am spiritual, not material; I am divine; I am not made of material shadow; I am the truth.... If one were to speak such af-

firmation, he must pay heed that he does not think his affirmation is means to an end. That is the beginning of sincerity, to watch that one does not utter words with a feeling in the mind that the words will accomplish something.

The sincere affirmation consists in loving the truth. If one makes the announcement, I am the truth, I am the great being, I am the Self, the perfect being, he must make that affirmation with love in his heart. And love is nearer to oneself than any other being. Love is the gate, the innermost gate that opens to the innermost Self. Love allows one to understand, love makes it possible for one to understand, love is the explanation of what one would understand. It is the close unity that makes reality out of any truth, so that if one loves a truth he melts that truth to conform to him and he melts himself to conform to the truth. It is a melting process, like gold thrown into a furnace. And they who have gone through the fire of love understand how it is that they are melted to conform to truth.

*He whose mind is thus
grandly fixed...*

Grandly fixed! There is no way that the mind can be grandly fixed except it be melted into conformity with that upon which it is fixed; and there is not anything but love that will perform that unity.

*He whose mind is thus
grandly fixed emits a
Heavenly light.*

*In him who emits this
heavenly light men see
the (True) man. When a
man has cultivated him-
self (up to this point),
thenceforth he remains*

constant in himself.

*When he is thus constant
in himself, (what is merely)
the human element will
leave him, but Heaven will
help him. Those whom their
human element has left we
call the people of Heaven.
Those whom Heaven helps we
call the Sons of Heaven.*

*Those who would by learning
attain to this seek for
what they cannot learn.
Those who would by effort
attain to this, attempt
what effort can never effect.
Those who aim by reasoning
to reach it reason where
reasoning has no place.*

*To know to stop where
they cannot arrive by
means of knowledge is
the highest attainment.*

Even knowledge is put in the category of that which cannot be of assistance to one who would make that identification with the Absolute, for knowledge pertains to the instrument of mind. It is a great aid. It is the ladder. And up and down this ladder the angels pass. By the use of reason, by the use of knowledge, the mind is delivered to its highest and its best. But, after it has made its ultimate attainment, and every fiber and atom of the body and mind functions to rationality, then there comes that great moment when love itself is presented, when one meets with himself.

Then there is no more exchange by way of introduction, no more explanation of who is who, no more need of mentality; but the interlocking of soul with soul. By the absolute power of love itself, the great experience comes.

Now, this experience is not at the end of a cosmic period, nor at the end of a prolonged training; but this may be at any moment the adventure of truth in one's experience. Like the thief in the night it comes unexpectedly. You are unprepared for it, not on the watch for it. At any moment that great experience may seize one. It takes place when one is in the right attitude to receive healing, when he is in the right attitude to receive instruction, when he is in the right attitude toward the 'I am,' the great and only Self. When his mind is grandly fixed on the truth, then it happens.

It is not a happening that passes speedily by to be forgotten again, but it is a perpetual recurrence. And after a while it becomes a continuity, running through all worldly experience, as though one walks upon a golden street while his shoes are treading the dust, and as though he breathes the airs from Mount Olympus when he is walking in the slums of a city; as though he were perpetually alive to a real experience while apparently the dream is going on. And there is no interference between the true and the dream.

But if one is not aware of it, if he is not conscious of the true so that he can distinguish between the two, he may sometimes be mistaken in things that transpire and in feelings and visions that he has. Even his vision of material things may be askew and things look wrong to him because he is not keen in the discernment of the true as distinct from the false. If he has not drawn the crystal away from the soiled rag he may interpret the crystal as clothed in tatters and soiled and fit only to be cast aside. But if he understands the discernment that enables him to draw the

crystal away and look clearly upon it, seeing it in its beauty, transparency and perfection, then he is one who may be trusted to walk through the world and not be of the world. He may be in its most complex mixtures and still not be touched by it, even on the hem of his garment.



Genevieve Burnell

(Excerpts from a forthcoming book THE GOLDEN THREAD OF REALITY, Hastings House, New York.)

A SEARCH FOR ESSENTIAL UNITY

Genevieve Burnell

Those who desire to know more than they already know of reality are open-minded in their search and they find clues everywhere. We have been told that the universe is a great book in which we may read the story of our own individual, personal selves, of the ultimate end of our being, of the creation and of its Creator. All this and more is available in the book of creation—we need only to exercise the ability to read it.

Reality is ever present. If you are to know reality you must first awaken to this reality in yourself as a positive, personal, individual awareness.

* * * *

In the spinning of the wheel of instruction in reality, we might have in mind that the terms used by the different teachings are varied, but the spirit of each is actually the same as the others. We might liken the whole subject to a wheel; the spokes are widely separated at the circumference, but are united at the hub.

* * * *

Sometimes this Ultimate Reality is referred to as a Unity or Superreality overflowing into a multiplicity of finite truths. But it should be noted from this very form of expression that the unity and the multiplicity are not opposed nor are they contradictory, for it is universally accepted that the source of every multiplicity must be a unity. As, for example, a library consists of books, an army consists of soldiers. The single principle of unity is not contradictory to nor opposed to the multiplicity reflected in the separate aspects, nor are the various aspects copied from each other; rather is it evident that each aspect radiates from the unity, even as a diamond sparkles by reflecting the one light from its various facets. There is one light and one diamond, but numberless sparkles. Ultimate Reality is infinite, hence all-inclusive of every presentation the light of truth may manifest.

* * * *

The compound instruction of East and West dissolves the shadows of ignorance. Sidelights cast shadows, but a transcendent light from above has no contradicting shadows. All teachings, at their highest, are absolute and complement each other in the supreme and central truth. Eastern wisdom makes us aware that deliverance is not to be had in doing something to obtain freedom, for the reason that no one ever has been enslaved. The perception of this is that there is nothing in reality from which to free oneself, for reality is pure freedom.

* * * *

Deductive reasoning has both persuasions and arguments to confirm the statement that bondage is an unreality in spite of its persistent appearance. The basis of such enlightenment is that bondage is evil, and evil, according to its own nature, is not real

but is entirely negative—"privation in the proper good of being." The problem is that privations, in whatever form they manifest, are given the aspect of being real because of the reality they modify. For this reason mere denial seems ineffectual and instruction in the nature of reality is essential.

* * * *

When we attempt to put into words the relationship between God and his creature, man, we are driven to make use of symbolic terms as the only vehicle of transmission. We say "In Him I live and move and have my being," and this is a true statement. We say, "God is my true Self," and this is a true statement also. But while saying this we may be far from God in being far from our own true selves. Augustine said that he had searched the world over to find God, and, "When I found You, I found that You have been with me all the time, but, alas, I was not with You!" The perfection of the creature is in its capacity for its Creator, God.

* * * *

In every way the universe speaks and tells of the Creator. And he who cannot see God everywhere, sees Him nowhere. Providence prepares man for his supreme enlightenment by gradually strengthening his perceptive faculties until he is made equal to the revelation. No study of man will ever reveal what man is, because man can only be known by knowing God. The universe reveals God, but God is more than His creation and man has his true being outside himself in Him.

* * * *

However, the unity cannot be fully understood until the differences are first exposed. Harmony exists because of variety, and synthesis precedes analysis. By taking a stand in that elevated center toward which point the manifold fingers of religious thought,

the overall Truth may be seen. The golden thread of this spirit holds them all together and weaves back and forth, in and out, up and down, the pattern of vital, living essence which cannot be fenced in by rituals or organizations, but which can lend to outward forms an authority upon which they all may subsist.

* * * *

We are not proposing a new religion to take the place of the many old ones, but, rather, the greater vision within oneself, enabling one to discover the central message in the great book of the universe. When once this is detected, confusion vanishes and one is truly able to appreciate that the variously located indicators and the manifold golden threads all have a meaning greater than their individual forms, and a purpose and place in the supreme structure of Reality in which life subsists.



STAR FLOWERS

Tall gray grasses covered you,
white stars growing all alone;
I almost missed you hidden there
among the weeds wind-dried and blown.

Shadowed stars (I, shadowed too),
separate each, yet each a part
of sudden brightness reaching up
out from your golden-lighted heart.

Clara Sargent Mainwaring

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Have you listened to the red-breasted bird
And have you tasted the luscious blue-berries
Here where the *ever-present*
Turns over and over endlessly like a wheel
Like a wheel or a hoop a growing child rolls
Here where all the Centuries past
Have poured perfection
Into gifts for taking

But let us face it we can never minimize
Nature's part and in that reasoning
Forget the heart

Carla Patsuris

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